

THE
REMONSTRANCE.

A
P O E M.

L O N D O N :

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THE

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

LEGISLATURE

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

1854

T H E

REMONSTRANCE.

A

P O E M.

W H O now despairs amendment of the times,
Or envies villains, prosp'rous by their crimes?
Satire, the scourge of guilt, once more in arms,
Resolv'd and bold, her CH-----LL wakes and warms;
Erects the sole tribunal that can awe
The wretch whom prosp'rous fortune screens from law.

Born for this end, 'twas wisely done to quit
The beaten track for poetry and wit,
True golden int'rest points the self-same way,
And fame and honour lend the chearing ray ;
Not that from hence deriv'd, your motives rise,
Spontaneous blessings, who wou'd them despise ?
Who courts the charmers often sues in vain,
Where genius leads they follow in the train.

Let pulpits rail at vice----a thing of cour'se,
All fear the muse, and what she sings has force.
Alike your purpose still remains, and aim,
The weapon only chang'd, your will the same :
Err they not then, who, with a rev'rend frown,
Cry out upon this *truant from the gown* ?
And piously believe a thing most odd,
That deeds of verse are enmity with God.
Censure too general must lose its end,
Satire alone to pers'nal can descend ;
Let keenest censure on a thousand fall,
Diffus'd so widely, it proves none at all ;
But should, by satire's aid, resentment strong
Single some skulking villain from the throng,

Detect the rascal in his dirty ways,
And mark him for a scoundrel all his days,
Rouz'd conscience home applies the stroke severe,
While, aw'd by warnings, others *fear* to err ;
Thus to the world the poet is of use,
Nor let the friends of virtue flight the muse.

Heav'ns, what an age is this in which we live !
How full of cause to blame, to laugh, to grieve !
When sage divines, lest wickedness shou'd fail,
Bawdry and blasphemy set forth to sale ;
When finning peers turn pros'lytes in a trice,
And grave as S-----ch when he rails at vice.
Did ever times corrupt, in man's disgrace,
Of apes and coxcombs spue forth such a race ?
Who talk of lords with whom they ne'er had been,
And lie with women whom they ne'er had seen ?
Of politicians who the state correct,
Yet their own calling foolishly neglect ?
Of bards who, in each corner of the town,
In rant and rhyme are buzzing up and down ?
So keen, so numerous are the race that write,
Each thing is fasten'd on that comes to light ;

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No deed so frightful, and no vice so foul,
 But some vile reptile drags it to his hole,
 In odious colours decks it out a-new,
 And, shocking ! hangs it forth to public view.
 Wou'd heav'n had plac'd me in some happier time,
 'Ere jingling nonsense walk'd the world in rhyme ;
 'Ere affectation fools of mankind made,
 Or taught for things to substitute the shade :
 Blest modern times can give what heav'n denies,
 While want of genius vanity supplies ;

The wiser brutes (wou'd man that lesson read)
 Ne'er deviate from that track their guide decreed,
 The modest ass (some instances to bring in)
 Ne'er sought a pension for his taste in singing,
 But pleas'd, tho' humble, on th'allotted plain,
 Leaves to the lark her rapture and her strain ;
 The fish their ocean, birds possess their sky,
 Nor aukward elephants attempt to fly.
 Why then do mortals heav'n's decrees reverse,
 And quitting sense for fumes turn fools in verse ?
 See the poor cripple, with just equal grace,
 In spite of heav'n and laughter run a race,

Whom

Whom, sitting still, and unbewitch'd with fame,
Few wou'd have known, or scorn'd for being lame ;
The wretch, because he strains, thinks therefore that he flies ;
Such aukward folly must we not despise ?
The bards of old but promis'd in their odes
To metamorphose heroes into gods ;
But poets now can lift their hero high'r
Than ever ancient hero durst aspire ;
One praises Wolfe, nor thinks his praise absurd,
" By God in heav'n, by man on earth ador'd."

Why has the peace, a theme so fit for song,
In silence slept ingloriously so long ?

Whose gentle praise, (since who so praises sneers)

E'en academic loyalty forbears.

But who comes here, cries Bavius, with a smile,

Who scorning scribblers, scribbles all the while ;

Who bids stand off, yet helps to fill the crowd,

And in the praise of silence bawls aloud.

Rise CH-----LL, manifest your sov'reign right,

Whelm them at once in darkness and in night.

Yet let me add, tho fearful of offence,

To private sentiment the public sense ;

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Warm in your merit's praise (then can it err?)
 * "Your muse in general is too severe;"
 You so detest a minister of state
 The land that bred him too must share your hate;
 Wise Rusticus beholds a tree o'ergrown,
 And dooms the forest for the sake of one.
 Unhappy men! who mount the giddy sphere,
 Is theirs the censure, or the place they bear?
 Down thro' each age we find their fate the same,
 Not HARLEY 'scap'd, nor, PITT, thy godlike name;
 My verse regards not BUTE in any ways,
 I neither blame him, nor has he my praise;
 For politics in wisdom I decline,
 My skill, great B--F--D, smaller e'en than thine;
 To find the truth could vulgar sense suffice,
 When doubts perplex th' experienc'd and the wise?
 One swears true honour W----s's conduct guides,
 That freedom's spirit in his breast resides;
 Another tells you, search all Europe round
 A viler traitor's no where to be found.
 Blest party-spirit! 'tis to thee we owe
 That this will be my friend, if that's my foe;

* A line out of the CONFERENCE.

There I'm too modest, there too much presume,
I stink to some, to some am all perfume:
Thus equal is their fate both worst and best,
A P-TT will have his foes, a F-x will be carest.

But is it not unjust to spread disgrace
On all around, and libel a whole race?
SCOTLAND has merit still we must confess,
She bore our quarrels, bled in our distress,
And shall she not too share in our success?
Each art and science, ev'ry gift divine,
Graces her glorious sons, and bids them shine.
Some, is there cause, affirm it party still
That points your shafts, so qualified to kill?
Too impious thought! be banish'd from my breast,
Which Scottish malice only cou'd suggest.
A genius pregnant with celestial fire,
Which Greek or Roman ages might admire,
Who stoops his prostituted gifts to lend
To lash the guiltless, or the vile defend;
Set on by party, whether wrong or right,
To lay about him, worry, flash, and bite,

What

What is he else, with such rare talents blest,
But a blind, murd'ring Hercules at best?
The party-flave, this maxim I'll advance,
If he be right 'tis mere effect of chance;
Does he not wed for better and for worse,
And with the purer ore take all the dross?
The faults of one alike in all we find,
And ductile error spreads thro' all the kind;
That who defends a thing, makes it his own;
Then might not hence each character be known;
If Curio for th' adult'rer Clodius plead,
Wou'd it be thought he disapprov'd the deed?
Who praises W----s, yet scruples to commit
Whatever immorality thought fit?
Justice howe'er one action must allow,
That wreathes unfading glory round his brow;
He pluckt a jewel from the grasp of pow'r,
Which gives to liberty one beauty more:
For this he stood the shock of pow'r alone.
And made the prize, so dearly bought, our own.
How gilds this act the cloud of his disgrace!
But---scornful virtue turns away her face.

Yet,

Yet, not to be perverse, I too can prize
Some you esteem, and some you hate, despise ;
Across each party, wheresoe'er the clue
Of sober sense directs, that I pursue :
You praise a TEMPLE, let me too commend
The steady patriot, and the faithful friend,
Not much the worse for being out of place,
Superior rising from a court's disgrace ;
Wise, candid, lib'ral, honours which no frown
Of courts can alter, honours all his own.
Who yonder strikes me with that blaze of light,
Thro' distant ages bright'ning on my sight ?
The mist of prejudice, with length of years,
Recedes, and merit without cloud appears ;
Round him I see, by history engrav'd,
In flaming characters, A KINGDOM SAV'D,
While from the glance of his commending eye
Away despondence and pale terror fly ;
Ev'n frantic faction hides her head from day,
And stern ambition, growling quits her prey ;
At worlds ungrateful, PITT, forbear to grieve,
Rewards are thine which crowns have not to give.

How cou'd you own that ink and paper gain
 The necessary means that life sustain?
 That hence no duns assail, nor jails are fear'd,
 But friendly pass the bailiff and the bard.
 Will it not hence to some men seem a doubt,
 Who judge of matters as mere sense points out,
 That men are made the victims of your sport,
 Only as means to furnish a support?
 Poor SCOTLAND thus may help you to regale,
 And ministers of state---a standing meal:
 My lords, take warning, fly him, give him way,
 Forth issues MACER, desp'rate for his prey;
 No guineas in his purse, you hear him rattle,
 A foe to vice from hunger and from want.

O shame, to see the muse of heav'nly birth
 Thus lowly fall'n, and grov'ling on the earth;
 Her native dignity departed quite!
 From honour stray'd! how humbl'd in her flight!
 The boist'rous gypsey, well supply'd with noise,
Faction his *bully made*, and still employs;
 Yet sometimes goes, at *Obloquy's* desire,
 To draggle on his errands thro' the mire;

Each look a frown, and Billingsgate each word,
Fool, scoundrel, cheat, are bishop, member, lord :
Is this employment for the gentle muse,
To set on discord, and to spread abuse?
Some frantic rather, 'scap'd from bedlam's walls,
Thus madly rages, and thus loudly bawls ;
Apollo starts, and each Parnassian maid
Disclaims all union with the ranting jade.

Yet sure th'occasion fortunate we own
That drew such talents forth, and made them known,
Leading direct to that delicious state,
Where POPULARITY maintains her seat ;
How short the passage, and how smooth the road !
Not steep and rugged, but with roses strow'd ;
There, by the goddess rais'd, in half an hour,
You grow a prince of opulence and pow'r ;
With privilege, a blessing greater still,
To levy on your subjects what you will ;
The muses hail you to their inmost quires,
And number with their Drydens, Popes, and Pri'rs ;
With pinions stretcht dire Ignominy stands,
To fly obedient to your stern commands,

And

And o'er the rest display'd, immortal Fame,
 With trumpets founding, publishes your name:
 O envi'd blessings! could they but remain,
 What blessings might compare with such a reign?
 On this proud summit late fam'd TRISTRAM stood,
 (Not lik'd the less for not being understood)
 Where is he? to declare it *humour* weeps,
 Scarce heard of more, capricious fate! he sleeps.
 Ungentle goddess, to our mischief kind!
 You mix the charms that fascinate the mind;
 Bid us repose in never-fading bow'rs,
 Distinction, wealth, your lavish bounty show'rs;
 Delusive Vanity betrays us too,
 And fondly whispers, 'tis our merit's due:
 A while, a little while, in bright abodes
 Blind Fashion seats us, and we feast with gods;
 But soon this air-blown bubble of a name
 Bursts, and we sink to earth, from whence we came.

When midnight hags, on some lone dreary plain
 With forceries bewitch the simple swain,
 Straight gorgeous palaces he sees appear,
 And feasts are spread, and music charms his ear;

While

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While thus, by visionary joys betray'd,
He fancies Paradise before him spread,
Soon the gay vision, fleeting with the morn,
Shiv'ring midst want and cold, leaves him forlorn.
May never like mishap attend the Muse,
Nor send her back t'haranguer Forsaken Pews!

What is a Satirist? an honour'd name,
The reformation of mankind his aim,
Of folly and of vice the constant foe,
Fair virtue's champion, and *Example* too;
In whatsoever station, shape, or mask,
The villain lurks, t'expose him is his task;
Wrong he maintains is wrong, in ev'ry place,
What stains a cobbler must a lord disgrace,
Of thieves and beggars treats alike each sort,
In rags or robes, in country or in court;
Sometimes in rage, he leaves open war,
Or comes oblique and stabs you unaware,
Makes rigid wisdom wear a smiling grace,
And while he murders, laughs you in the face.

With

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To

While

To form him various talents & combine,
 And strength of genius *breeding* should refine;
 Skill'd in each various style; Behold him grow
 A Dryden, *Planché*, *Cherchill*, or *Boileau*;

But, push the character, 'tis alter'd quite,
 What pleas'd before will now offend the sight;
 A Satirist who no decorum keeps,
 Whose mean, base humour *baldfess* only feeds,
 Becomes an animal of *low* birth,
 That licks the draff, and venom of the earth,
 Rankling in filth, to set the matter right,
 The creature plainly shows his delight,
 Who, what were better hid, delights to expose,
 He hates a stench, yet o'er it keeps his nose,
 Bids you be cleanly, which, wou'd you observe,
 Of consequence the scavenger must starve,
 Tho', loud as WHIT—D, at our faults he storms,
 He truly most offends him who reforms;
 He traverses the field of nature o'er,
 But passes by each beauty and each flow'r,

With

With care he seeks out ev'ry weed and thorn,
 Then shows th'offensive wreath in nature's scorn:
 Not satire's honest spirit prompts his quill,
 But downright int'rest, or, what's worse, ill-will;
 And, spite of all his candid declarations,
 Lives by the sale of butcher'd reputations:
 No---on my life---for heav'n's sake---what a frown
 Unclench that fist---you wrong me, Sir---sit down---
 Meant it for you!--How cou'd you so suspect?---
 No man alive professes more respect;
 Hence with such subjects then---give you offence!
 'Twere desp'rate rashness, want of taste, of sense.

Praise then, less dang'rous, praise, my greatest joy,
 My yet remaining labour shall employ;
 And where shall praise so fit a subject find,
 So fraught with virtues of each lovely kind,
 As Britain's monarch, pattern, and delight?
 (For why shou'd laureates have th'exclusive right,
 Who, sweetly vocal from the fumes of sack,
 Give monarchs virtues, which can monarchs lack?)

With

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With greatness amiable, with justice kind,
By actions prov'd the friend of human kind,
Gracing each station, by each virtue grac'd,
Son, Father, husband, duteous, tender, chaste;
Boasting our glory, wishing our desire,
His native land possesses him entire:
Not like those streams that, mixt with ocean, keep
Their foreign tincture still, and shun the deep;
In peaceful arts he places his renown,
And in his country's int'rest seeks his own.
What may we then not hope, when peace that binds
English and French, in union Britons finds?
Enough of glory on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Let gentler arts now take their turn to reign.

With freedom blest, O! may we still possess
With joy her precious gifts, but shun th'excess.
Ye guardian pow'rs, to whom Britannia's state
Consigns her freedom, and entrusts her fate!
O'er the fair PLANT extend your patriot care,
From blasts preserve of ministerial air;

May

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17

May never gold enchant your watchful eyes,
 Nor fraud your faithful custody surprize;
 So shall it flourish ever in its bloom,
 And to hereafter ages spread perfume,
 Each art beneath its influence rear its head,
 And all the choir of muses haunt its shade,
 Screen'd from the blaze of too excessive pow'r,
 Shall *Commerce* at his labour toil secure;
 While *Credit* by his side, reposing found,
 Without suspicion slumbers on the ground;
 So heav'n reward your cares:---but may each woe,
 May ev'ry plague that hell's dread regions know,
 Confound the wretch, who, *Freedom*, proves thy foe.

F I N I S.

ERRATA. Page 4, line 11, for Read put Heed. Page 7th, first line, instead of There put Here. Page 7th, line 11th, for glorious read gen'rous. Page 8th, the 9th Line is put after the 10th.

THE HISTORY OF

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